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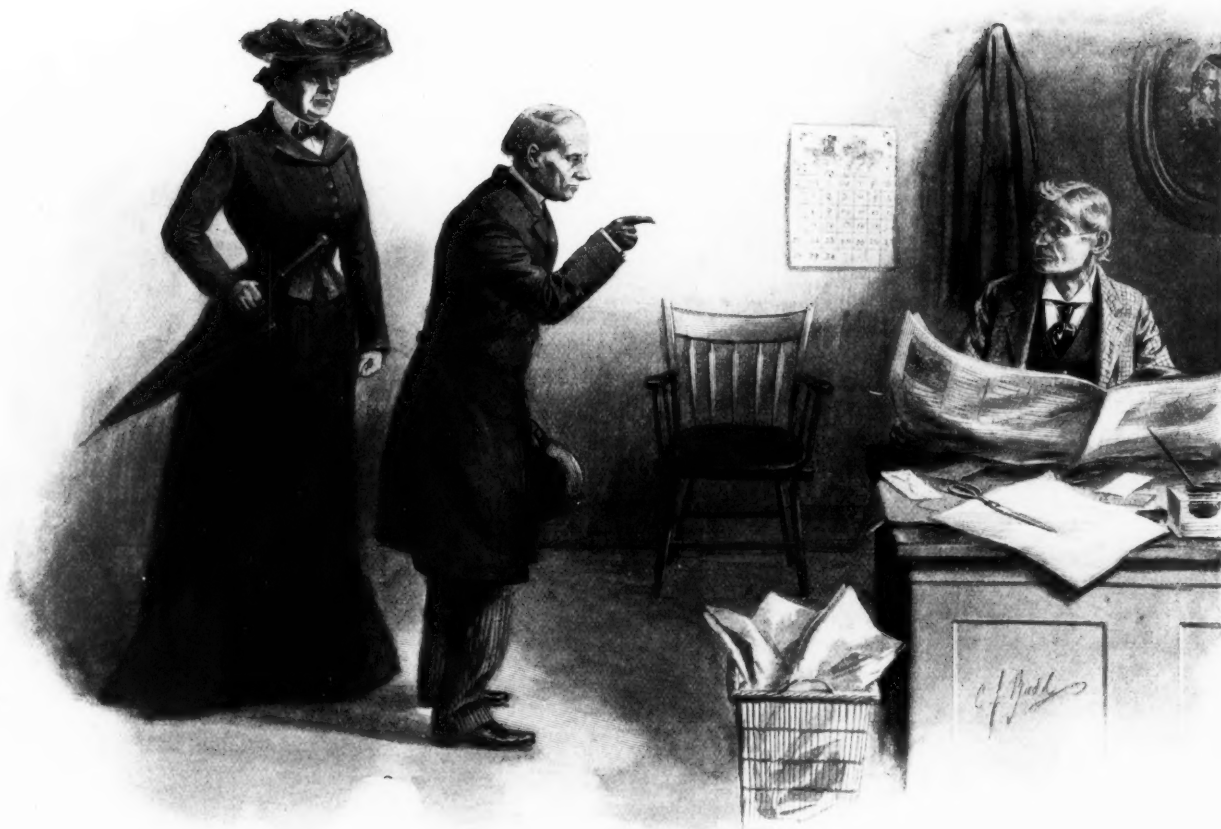
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LIFE



HE WILL GET THEM ALL RIGHT.

Editor: GOING TO SUE US FOR DAMAGES!

"I SENT YOU A POEM ENTITLED, 'MY LIFE IS A USELESS BURDEN,' AND YOU PRINTED 'WIFE' INSTEAD OF 'LIFE,' AND PUBLISHED IT OVER MY NAME. THEN MY WIFE SAW IT! AND I WANT DAMAGES. AND I'LL GET 'EM, TOO!"

Uncle Sam's New Line.

DIPLOMACY," mused Uncle Sam,
"Is strenuous now and up-to-date.

Behold how well-equipped I am
To make republics while you wait."

TWO burdens are laid on
men: To desire what they
have not; and to have what they desire.

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THERE is a sameness about the
presents at our large weddings.

One tires of reading:

Papa—Two barrels diamonds.

Big Brother—One barrel diamonds.

Little Sister—One-half barrel diamonds (except where the child impulsively blows all her pocket money for a month, and makes it a whole barrel).

Uncle William—Five barrels diamonds.

Groom—One peck diamonds (unless he is a nobleman and can't get trusted for more than a pint).

Of course it is the effect of the De Beers outfit strangling competition. If diamonds were suffered to become cheap, nice people would naturally give something else.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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MR. CLEVELAND has expressed his "unalterable and conclusive" determination not to run again for President. The announcement was fully warranted by the tokens of a demand that he should again be the Democratic candidate. That he declines to run is not a conclusive reason for not choosing him, for, if elected, he would doubtless serve; but, of course, his decision will have weight with his admirers who want to present his name again, and with the convention that will make the nomination. It will doubtless put an end, at least, to open advocacy of his nomination, and it may put a stop to preliminary labors in his behalf. If the coming Democratic Convention should find itself unable to agree on another candidate, and should turn to Mr. Cleveland and nominate him without regard to his inclinations, that would be another story, but it is one that need not be discussed unless it comes true. We don't believe it will come true, but the Democrats have a hard job ahead of them in the picking of their candidate. There are no possible nominees whose heads emerge far above the crowd. Judge Parker comes highly recommended, but the people don't know him. They do know Judge Gray, and a good man he is, but he comes from Delaware and lacks the advantage of

having a strong and doubtful Northern State behind him. Mr. Olney is known, but he comes from Massachusetts. Mr. Gorman is so well known as a machine politician that he wouldn't do. Mr. Hill wouldn't do either, nor Mr. Randolph Hearst, nor Mr. Thomas Johnson, nor any earnest Bryanite whatever. Judge Gray, Judge Parker and Mr. Olney are three of the Democratic Big Four, with the fourth—counting Mr. Cleveland out—still to seek. When he is found, it will still be good betting on the field against all four.



THE second part of Miss Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company, which begins in the December number of *McClure's Magazine*, promises to be no less interesting and illuminating than what has preceded it. It was an important public service to dig this story out of the records and print it in such a form and in such a periodical as has been done. Mr. Rockefeller figures conspicuously and very usefully as a promoter of education and scientific research, a giver of good money to good works, and also an abettor of religion. The influence of his prodigious success as a money-maker has undoubtedly been enormous in this land. His kind of success is so highly regarded in this world, and is now so looked up to in this country, that it is important to public morals that it should be widely known and understood by what sort of processes, and at what a price, it was won. And, more than that, it is very useful that the people who are supposed to govern this country should learn what it is possible for a rapacious citizen of great ability and industry to do, under our laws, or in spite of them, in the way of engrossing opportunity, stifling competition, and compelling the public servants to serve him, first and last and always, to the public's loss and the ruin of his rivals. Mr. Rockefeller has no peer in the business world. He is the Marlborough of trade, the very genius of rapacity, admired even by his victims, and not without Addisons of a sort to record his greatness. When he made the railroads pay him

part of the money he compelled them to collect from his competitors, he showed what a strong man can do who realizes his power, and whose heart and whole intellect are really set on the main chance.



IT was rash of Mr. Cassatt to cut down George Gould's telegraph poles. It is true he had much provocation; it is true that Mr. Gould had deliberately entered into hostilities with him; it is true that Mr. Gould had due notice to dispose of his poles or remove them from Mr. Cassatt's property, and had deliberately neglected to do it. No wonder Mr. Cassatt got mad, but still it has been held to be a serious error of judgment to have cut down the poles. There were too many of them; it made too serious a destruction of property. Mr. Cassatt should not have done it, mad or not. All the eminent financiers wagged their heads at him for it and said, "Naughty! Naughty!"

We cannot commend Mr. Cassatt's discretion in the pole matter, but now that Mr. Gould is so obviously eager to have his scalp, we hope he may not get it. And if it is true, as they say, that Mr. Gould has enlisted Mr. Rockefeller in the expedition against Cassatt, even that does not sanctify his purpose enough for us. For Mr. Cassatt, if we may believe history, has been a railroad man who has striven to be just as honest as the vital interests of his road would permit. He has preferred straight paths to crooked when he has had the choice. He fought long and hard with Mr. Rockefeller for the privilege of giving something like fair treatment to the public, and he only succumbed to Mr. Rockefeller's superior might after his road had lost all the money it could spare. The Calendar of Saints will never be much swollen by recruits from the list of American railroad presidents of the Nineteenth Century, but railroad presidents are entitled to be judged as soldiers are, with due allowance for the inevitable horrors of war, and as railroad presidents go, Mr. Cassatt is a good man. No matter if he did chop down Mr. Gould's poles, long may he wave.

Our Country.

WHAT are the principal products of the United States?

Historical Novels and Health Foods.

What other necessities of life are raised?

Kentucky Rye and Scotch High Balls.

Where is the Corn Belt located?

It extends from the Chicago Exchange to Trinity Church in Wall Street.

Does the climate vary much in different parts of the Union?

Yes.

What is the mean temperature?

Where Uncle Russell Sage happens to be.

What is considered to be the hottest region in the country?

Zion City.

And the coldest?

John D. Rockefeller's safe deposit vault.

What common product is raised in the same proportions all over the country?

Babies.

Are there any exceptions to this?

Yes. Newport and South Dakota.

What are these babies used for?

In the South, to run the factories. In the North, to furnish new Educational Systems.

What are the principal industries of the inhabitants of the United States?

They grow trusts, buy stocks on margin, and manufacture South American revolutions.

How is the Trust Crop grown?

By magnates and the common people.

What is a magnate?

Almost any dishonest man who has money enough to keep out of jail.

Does the Trust Crop depend upon the season?

Yes. It grows best under cover of the darkness.

And when the common people have gathered the Trust Crop, how are they paid?

In common stock.

Does this yield anything?

Oh, yes. When squeezed, it yields water enough to make good circus lemonade.

What are the principal trades of the United States?

Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry and going out on strike.

According to the last census, what was the total population?

About seventy millions.

And how are these divided?

Into thirty-four million females and the rest Presidential candidates.

What is the color line?

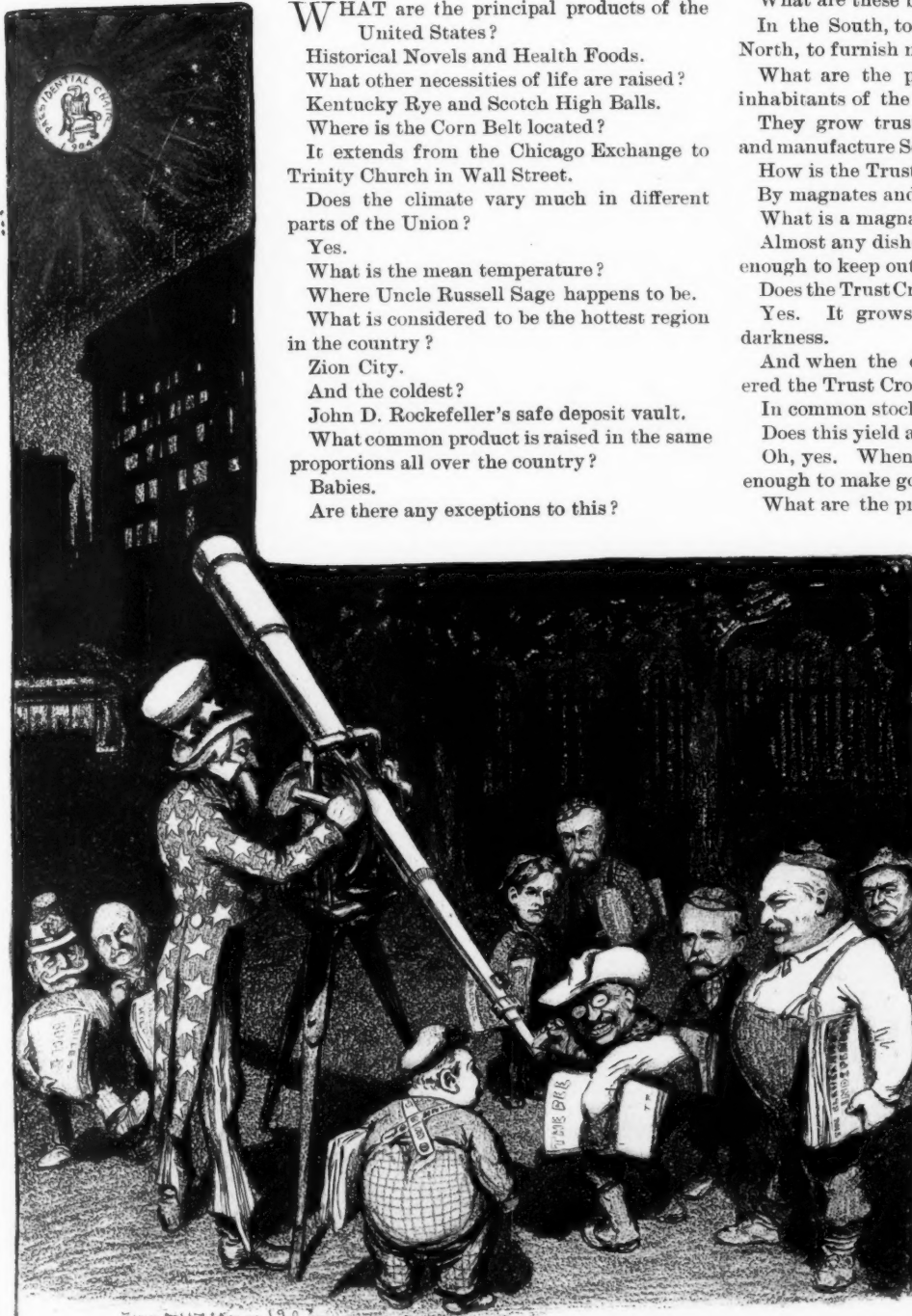
It is an imaginary line drawn from the Tuscaloosa Institute to the White House dining-room.

What necessities of life does the United States import?

English Dukes and Jersey lightning.

What are the most well-known natural features of the United States?

The Rocky Mountains, Niagara Falls and Grover Cleveland's spine.



The Rough Rider: I SEE A STRENUOUS LOOKING CHAP IN THE CHAIR, WITH EYE-GLASSES AND A MILITARY HAT.
All the Other Boys: THAT ISN'T WHAT WE SEE!

THE LATEST BOOKS

HERBERT M. ROBINSON'S novel of faculty life in a Western State University, *The Torch*, appears too soon upon the heels of Miss Sholl's remarkable tale of Cornell, *The Law of Life*, for their similarity to be ascribed to anything but the tendency of modern novels, like Noah's animals, to come out two by two. Nevertheless, their similarity is striking. *The Torch*, although less finished and of narrower scope, is yet an intensely interesting story, with a touch of seriousness in its pages by no means unattractive. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

In *The Forest Hearth* Mr. Charles Major returns for his inspiration to Blue River, Indiana, in the '30's, and offers his admirers a tale of backwoods adventure, bloodshed and love triumphant over villains. Mr. Major is nothing if not enthusiastic. When he describes calf love the very air is full of bleats. *The Forest Hearth* should keep the circulating library attendants busy. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Four short stories of moderate length and more than moderate interest are included in *A Touch of Sun*, by Mary Hallock Foote. Tales of California and Idaho, dealing with those dwellers in the West who still, like the Anglo-Indian, look wistfully toward "home." Tales, also, which possess those now old-fashioned requisites for short stories—characters, a plot and a denouement. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Hamlin Garland's new novel, *Hesper*, groups a series of stirring scenes and descriptions of the Cripple Creek region about the story of a blasé Eastern girl brought under the awakening influence of life at first hand. The developing of this central psychological theme is the weakest feature of the story, and, vivid as are the pictures of the later Colorado mining movements, *Hesper* is less artistic and less satisfying than *The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop*. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

An Ocean Mystery is a novel by Caroline Earle White, with so alluring a title that its dullness deserves a word of special warning. It is a story of a girl baby saved from the sea on the coast of Normandy, told without a glimmer of imagination and padded with

would-be instructive conversations, whose amazing platitudes would jar Macaulay's famous schoolboy. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

W. A. Fraser's *Blood Lilies* is a story of the Canadian wilderness along the Saskatchewan during the Hudson's Bay Company's sway. The author poses an idealized Indian figure against the clean-cut and effective background of the Company's post, the Scotch and French officials and the half-breeds and natives. The book is very readable, although Mr. Fraser's Indians are hardly to be taken at their face value. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Some years since was published a series of little volumes called *Stories by American Authors*. The selection was excellent, and they have furnished amusement and entertainment to thousands of readers. A set of six little books, called *Little French Masterpieces*, has just appeared which deserves equal popularity. They contain stories by Balzac, Maupassant, Gautier, Daudet, Mérimée and Flaubert. They are edited by Alexander Jessup, and the excellent translations are by George Burnham Ives. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) J. B. Kerfoot.



He: WITH THE POET, I OFTEN FEEL THAT "MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS."
"A LIMITED MONARCHY?"

A HARROWING TALE—ON THE HUMANE LADY AND THE COB HORSE.



Peas in a Pod.

A MAN whose fair young wife, while in a state of temporary mental aberration, had wandered away from her home, sought the services of a noted detective.

"Describe her carefully and accurately," said the great follower of Sherlock Holmes, with a gleam of interest in his cold, steely eyes.

"She was a little taller than I," began the bereft husband.

"They all are now," sadly remarked the sleuth, who was short and stout.

"And she wore a pompadour over one eye, and one of those new toques—"

"Seven hundred thousand of them do," interrupted the great man, gloomily.

"She also wore a long coat and a short skirt," continued the narrator.

"Heavens, man! All of the female population of New York are wearing the same."

"There was an odor of violet and heliotrope and a lot of other perfumes about her," ventured the man, hopefully.

The detective threw up his hands and gasped for breath. "I know, I know," he cried hastily. "Now, try and remember if she has not some marked peculiarity of voice or manner."

"Yes," answered the husband, joyfully, "she has. Every gesture, every movement, every inflection of her voice is carefully copied from Ethel Barrymore."

The detective wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow. "Man, man," he moaned, "every woman under thirty is doing the same thing. You have set me a terrible task, but I never give up. What were her interests and occupations?"

The man thought hard. "Clothes," he said at last; "principally clothes. I have never heard her discuss anything else. If you were to listen to her conversation with another woman, it would undoubtedly be something like this:

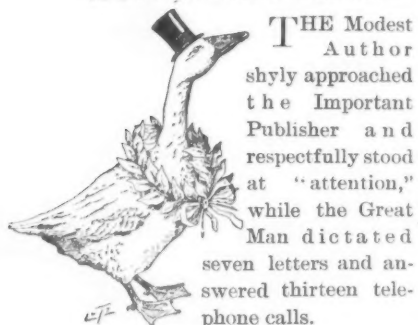
"A dear, simple, little waist, you know, made with tucks and medallions of lace. And so cheap,—only one hundred and fifty dollars!"

The sleuth ground his teeth terribly. "Don't," he cried; "it unmans me—but stay. What were her favorite amusements?" There was still hope in his voice.

"She was very fond of matinées," replied the man who sought her. "She had a positive mania for shopping, and would consume ice-cream soda the coldest day in winter."

"Foiled at last," sobbed the invincible detective. "The case is hopeless. I have unearthed some of the most artfully concealed plots, unraveled some of the most puzzling mysteries in the history of criminology, but I must now confess myself beaten. The woman you describe is all the women in New York at the present time. As well seek for individuality in peas in a pod." *Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*

A Fin de Siècle Interview.



He thought he was working. Finally he glanced up and snapped, "Well, sir?"

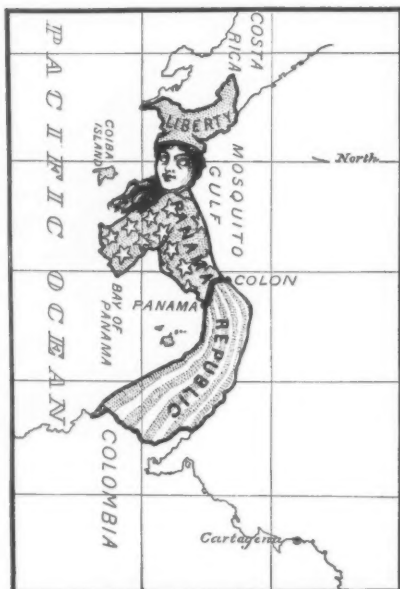
"Yes, I am quite well, thank you," began the Modest Author—but the Important Publisher interrupted—

"I mean—what's your business?"

"Well, if I am not trespassing too far upon your attention, I should like—"

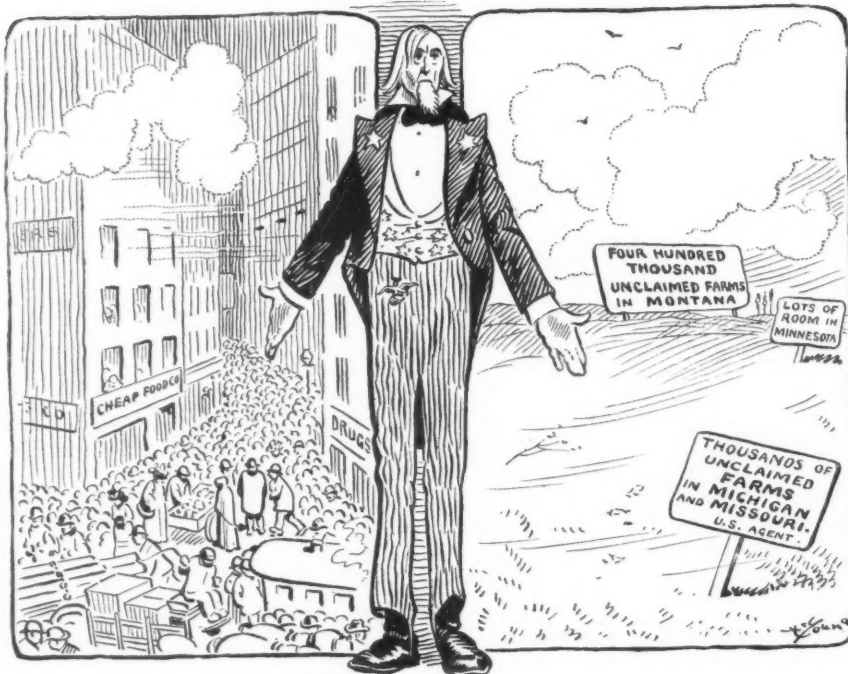
"Oh, cut out the preface and give us chapter one!" cried the impatient publisher. "Ever been in prison?"

"I—I don't understand you!"



THE SHAPE OF THE ISTHMUS REPUBLIC.

Coy Young Thing Flirting with Uncle Sam: SAY, UNCLE, IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT? DO I NEED A BELT ON THIS LONG WAISTED EFFECT?



WHAT'S TO BE DONE ABOUT IT?

THESE CONGESTED CITIES.

THESE BROAD PRAIRIES OF THE WEST.

cried the thoroughly unhappy author.

"Oh, no offense, I assure you," amiably vouchsafed the Important Publisher, "only I wish you had! I want to bring out a weird *edition-de-luxe*, 'Songs from Sing Sing'—taking title, isn't it? You look rather up to the part. Couldn't you steal something and go up there for a year or two?"

"I'm afraid I must beg to be excused," said the author, in alarm.

"Well, how do you like the idea of going to Panama? It is said that no white man can live in that climate a year.

"You could join the insurgent army and get material for a book of war stories, but what I need is an up-to-date description of the country.

"If you live, your book makes a hit! If you die—you carry some insurance, I suppose? If not, the firm will take care of the obsequies."

The Modest Author at last found voice to say:

"But don't you publish any books for authors? Don't you market any of their ideas?"

"We used to," admitted the Im-

portant Publisher, "but, you see, authors are impractical people, who never know what the public wants. Now our business is to feel the public pulse. We have a man—used to be Advertising Agent for 'Middlings,' the breakfast-food. He thinks up new 'stunts,' and I hire the authors to do them."

"Can you find capable men?" asked the author.

"Oh, yes! See here!" The publisher pointed to a file of applications. "All these are from trained men who want to work for us. Why, we brought out eleven hundred and forty-seven books last season!"

"You see, I am an essayist and philosophical writer," said the Modest Author, apologetically, "and I fear my training has not—er—er—qualified me for either of the—er—er—posts you so kindly—er—er—intimate—"

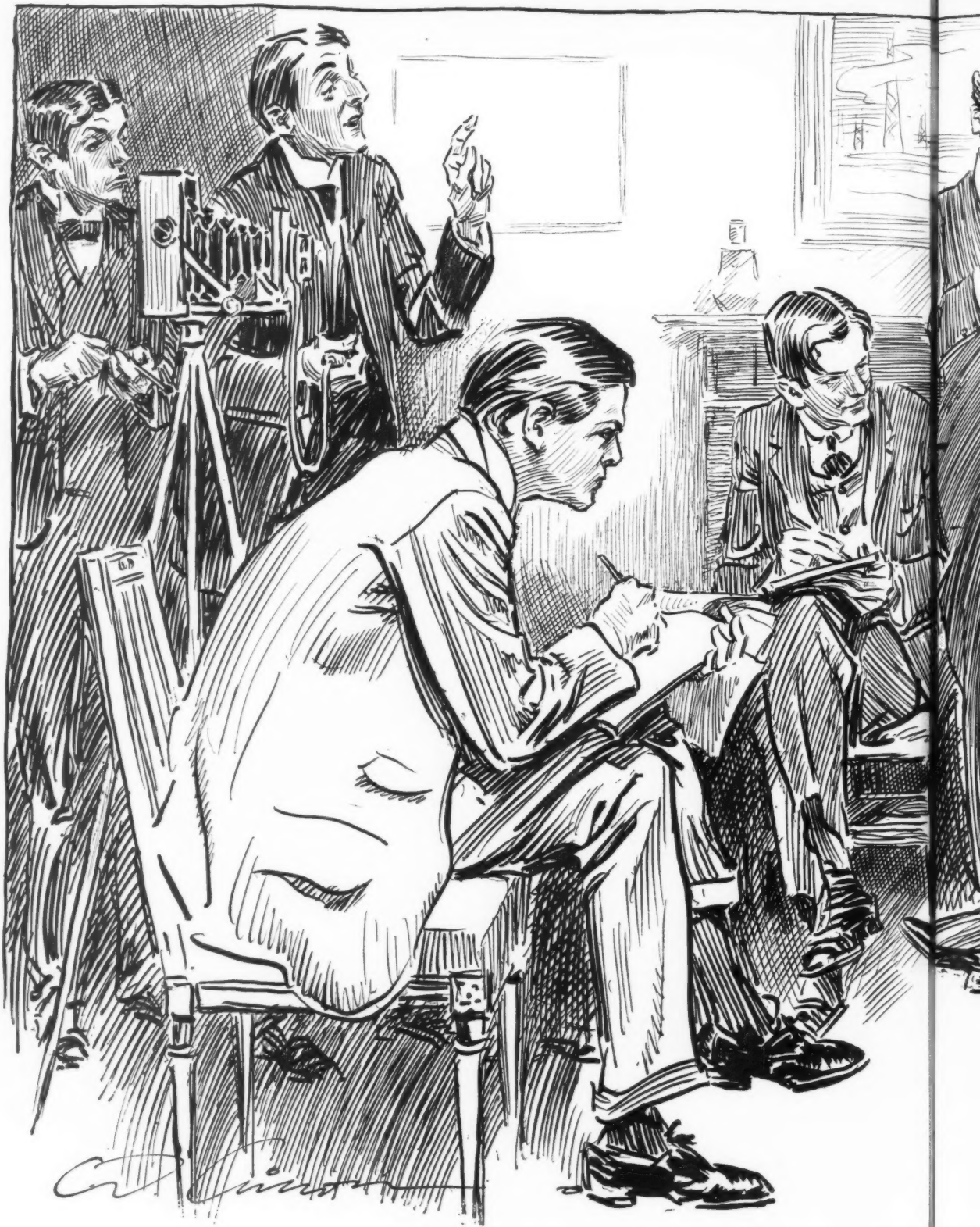
"Well, good day!" and the Important Publisher resumed his dictation.

The Modest Author? Oh, he spent his last dollar for a ticket to the Home for Literary Incurables!

Ernest Neal Lyon.



"JUST A MINUTE, GRANDPA. I MUST FIND OUT IF HE LOVES ME OR LOVES ME NOT."



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THE SNOB ROGRE

THE MENTION OF MR. TAGG'S NAME IN THE SOUTHERN ATT
MR. TAGG GRACEFULLY TO A



THE SNOB PROGRESS.

IN THE SOCIETY OF THE PRESS.
GRACEFULNESS TO AN INTERVIEW.



The Theatrical Kaleidoscope.

EVIL communications corrupt good manners.
—1. Corinthians, xii, 33.

From this text, dear brethren, Mr. Henry Arthur-Jones preaches a most agreeable, three-act sermon entitled, "Whitewashing Julia." It is in the form of a play with scenery and graphic action and the different heads of the subject are expounded by different actors. The suffering victim, *Julia Wren*, is charmingly presented by Fay Davis. The awful examples are the small-minded people with large ideas of their own respectability who inhabit a neighborhood in which she comes to live. The indefinite secret of her past, which is not revealed during the play, she seals in an envelope and gives into the hands of the gentleman, who, notwithstanding the gossip, asks her to marry him. She tells him to open it, if he cares to, but her bluff goes through and he throws it into the fire unopened. The canny young man of this century—and the time of the play is now—would more likely have put it away in his strong box to be used as a hostage for the lady's future good conduct. Mr. Guy Standing is this angel in trowsers, and it is to be said that Mr. Standing has advanced materially in his art. The other exponents of Mr. Jones's sermon are in the main well played, especially so the *Samways* of Mr. W. H. Crompton.

"Whitewashing Julia" is not a bad play—although some of its English is bad—and as a sermon it is considerably more interesting than those to be heard in churches.

WHEN one seeks adjectives to describe the methods and personality of Miss Marie Tempest one has to go abroad to find them. "Pert" and "saucy" come as near as the English language allows, but they are not at all satisfying, because they do not include the ever-present sense of fun which seems the foundation of all she does. Hers is a sort of Gallic-Celtic temperament which defies description in a word. It makes her more nearly the finished comedian than any one of her sex we can recall. A little more heart—not that it is needed in "The Marriage of Kitty"—and she would approach perfection for light comedy rôles. In this adapted play she has ample scope for her powers, even introducing a little song, which shows that she is a musician of no mean ability and brings back the days of her success as a prima donna in comic

opera. Her support is excellent, and in Mr. Leonard Boyne we have another of those imported actors who make us wonder why the native article is so lacking in finish. The play is not exactly immoral, but it verges at points on the dangerous. However, one is so absorbed in its absurdity that there is little temptation to go back of the lines.

"The Marriage of Kitty" and Miss Tempest's impersonation of the heroine go to spoil the pessimism of those inclined to think that there is no longer anything artistic in existence.

BY this time Mr. Leo Ditrichstein must have found out "What's the Matter with Susan." The public did the first time it



MARIE TEMPEST
IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

was played. The types were too hackneyed for New York's sophisticated audiences, the situations were too absurd, and the whole thing was on too low a plane of humor. Not even Alice Fischer's tremendous energy could vivify the piece. She did her best—which is much—but "Susan's" infirmities were too many.



F"magnificent productions" there is no end, and the fact that it falls into this category is about all that "Mother Goose" at the New Amsterdam, has to recommend it. One explanation

of the perplexing servant-girl problem is furnished by the large number of able-bodied young women who march about the stage in elaborate lack of costume. The spectacle also gives employment to a large number of the ugliest children ever gathered on one stage. It is doubtless a charity to their parents to give employment to these most unattractive youngsters, but it is to be supposed that there are parents of pretty children who are equally in need of the dole. The fun allotted to Messrs. Cawthorne and Bulger, agreeably remembered from "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," is not at all up to the standard of the latter, and in all its long progress "Mother Goose" contains few laughs. The imported scenery, costumes, groupings and marchings are good of their kind, but not superlatively so, and one tires of the constant appeal to the eye alone.

"Mother Goose" only differs in details from a number of similar productions, and in these it is for the most part inferior.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Belasco.—Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

Bijou.—Alice Fischer in "What's the Matter with Susan?" See above.

Broadway.—"Babette." Victor Herbert's good music and Fritz Scheff's good singing and acting.

Criterion.—William Faversham in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner." Extremely light-weight Revolutionary drama.

Daly's.—"A Japanese Nightingale." Weak imitation of other Japanese plays.

Garden.—"Three Little Maids." The daintiest of the musical comedies.

Garrick.—Fay Davis in "Whitewashing Julia." See above.

Herald Square.—"The Girl from Kay's." Funny and musical.

Hudson.—Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty." See above.

Knickerbocker.—Anna Held in "Mam'selle Napoleon."

Lyceum.—"The Admirable Crichton." Good.

Lyric.—"Red Feather." Handsomely-staged and well sung comic opera.

Madison Square.—"A Girl from Dixie."

Majestic.—"Babes in Toyland." Diverting musical spectacle.

Manhattan.—Charles Richman in "Captain Barrington." Revolutionary melodrama. Interesting.

New Amsterdam.—"Mother Goose." See above.

Princess.—"Raffles, the Amateur Cracksmen." Worth seeing.

Savoy.—Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way." A fair evening's entertainment.

Wallack's.—George Ade's "The County Chairman." The funniest play in town.

Weber and Fields's.—Amusing, but not worth what it costs in money and discomfort.



THE PRESIDENT RECEIVED A DELEGATION OF HIS OLD WESTERN FRIENDS YESTERDAY IN THE RED ROOM.

Shall Women Ride in Street Cars?

IT has been suggested that the difficult rapid transit problem in New York would be considerably simplified if women were prohibited from riding in the street cars. In support of this idea it is averred that many women need more outdoor exercise than they get at present, and would profit appreciably by walking more than they do. It is further asserted that they take up more room per fare than men do, that they are deficient in agility, and cannot jump on and off the cars as quickly as men can, that they do not "move up forward" as they should, but tend to crowd about the doors of a car when it is full and make it needlessly hard to get in and out. Complaint is also made that they

are more prone than men to drop coins on the floor, and more apt, when traveling in couples, to dispute tediously as to who shall pay. The feeling of the complainants is that the women in the street cars don't have their wits about them as they should, and that their defects of conduct impair the comfort of the men, and hinder them from getting somewhere else in the least possible time. The complainants feel sure that this simple expedient of constraining women to walk would immediately bring greater relief to the patrons of our rapid transit system than will be brought by the tunnel, or any other remedy in sight or in mind.

Maybe so, but still we cannot support this suggestion. In the first place, only a small proportion of the women patrons of the Interborough Railway Company,

and especially of the elevated roads, ride in the rush hours. The most crowded trains are crowded chiefly by men going downtown in the morning and back at night, and vast quantities of women are carried in the shopping hours when their presence in the cars is inconvenient mainly to themselves and one another. Moreover, though many women are not perfect street car passengers, there are some highly objectionable faults from which they are free. They don't bring lighted cigars into cars, and they don't mass themselves on the rear platforms (with or without cigars), and make ingress or egress a disgusting struggle. The worst faults in street car manners are faults of men. Moreover, though some women need more exercise, very many women need the discipline of street car locomotion. To ride on street cars in New York stimulates their command of their own wits, and trains them incessantly in decision, promptness and presence of mind. Besides that, with all their faults they are interesting company—more interesting than the frieze of advertisements, and also, as a rule, more decorative. We do not favor their exclusion from the public conveyances.

A. D. 3000.

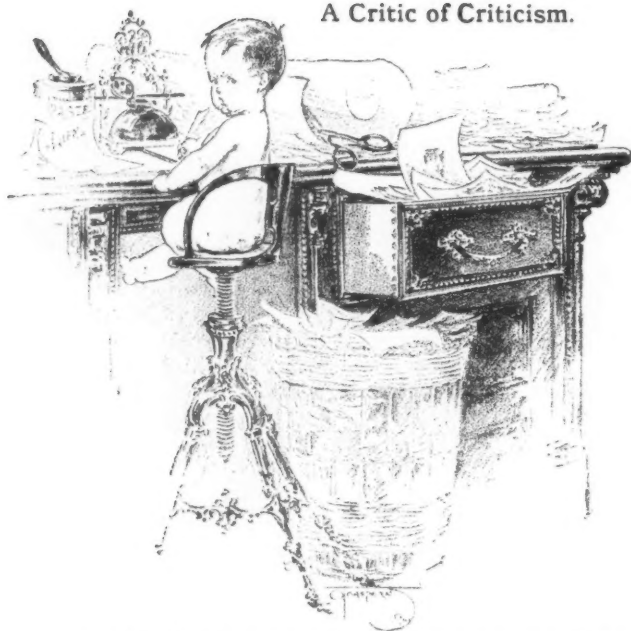
SMALL BOY: Mother, is it true that we are descended from people who walked?



Burglar Beetle: WHY DON'T YER TURN ON DE GLIM, SO'S I KIN SEE?

Fire-fly (hoarsely): I GOT ME FEET WET, AN' NOW ME LIGHT'S GOIN' OUT.

A Critic of Criticism.



TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: May I criticise a criticism which has appeared in this week's issue of your paper on Mr. Forbes Robertson's production of "The Light That Failed"? Your critic says: "As a book, even with the name of Kipling to bolster it, it never was a success. It was an unpleasant story, and from it has been made an unpleasant play." Now, I am not an actor, neither am I connected in any way with the theatrical profession, so when I say that your critic makes an absurdly sweeping statement in the above quotation, I have no motive but the desire to call your attention to it, for I think it should be rectified. Such a statement goes merely to argue how purely a matter of opinion this kind of criticism is.

It is not necessary to discuss the literary merits of what many persons consider to be Kipling's masterpiece; but to say that it is an "unpleasant" story and makes an "unpleasant" play is indeed a curious point to bring forth. I remember your critic made a similar attack upon Ibsen when "Hedda Gabler" was recently produced. One might as well say that "Romeo and Juliet" makes an "unpleasant" play. Moreover, your critic makes a small sarcasm about Mr. Robertson's style of acting being "heavy" and "attempting to do something seriously artistic," and then he suggests something still smaller about Mr. Robertson being a Briton.

Destructive criticism is an easy matter which almost any one can write. Constructive criticism, which can point out faults and then praise such sureness of art as Mr. Robertson gives us in spite of a play which cramps his powers, is the kind which might help your reading public to appreciate an actor who stands certainly not far from the head of his profession in his own country or any other. We have heard much from your paper about the wretched condition of the American stage—which few would care to dispute—but why, when an eminent artist comes to us with his company, do you treat him with provincial criticism? Why must you faintly praise talented actors and damn a great one, as you did Mr. Irving? Is it because it is delightful to be inconsistent?

LIFE angers me rarely. Perhaps your critic was angry when he witnessed the acting of such an artist as Forbes Robertson. Surely his criticism of this play could not increase the regard of those who admire his customary sincerity and carefulness of statement.

Very respectfully yours,

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Nov. 28, 1903.

Daniel W. Kittredge.

To this intelligent, although rather disconnected, special plea in behalf of Mr. Forbes Robertson, LIFE will make only brief rejoinder.

It is admitted at once that frequently sweeping state-

ments are to be found in LIFE's dramatic criticisms. Force of circumstances compels it to give much in little, and brevity means generalization. As to whether or no they are "absurd," LIFE must fall back on the law that *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

The same brevity makes it impossible to do much in the way of constructive criticism. LIFE does not maintain a school of acting—it only tries honestly to give its readers, in brief form, an intelligent and educated opinion of the entertainments which seek their patronage.

The only excuse for putting unpleasant things on the stage is that they are great in themselves, or are done in a great way. This excuse was lacking both in "The Light That Failed" and in its presentation. Tragedy illumined by the genius of Shakespeare is rather different. LIFE criticised Ibsen for using his genius for the presentation of what is diseased and morbid, and using it for that alone. LIFE is not aware that it ever "damned" Henry Irving, although it did say that "Dante" as a play, and in its production, was not worth his while.

LIFE is glad that it angers its present critic rarely. He has angered LIFE not at all, and while LIFE is sorry he could not put up a little more cogent plea in behalf of his favorite actor—and possibly fellow-countryman—LIFE extends to its correspondent the assurance of its high esteem.

Incubi.

INCUBI are political, religious and social.

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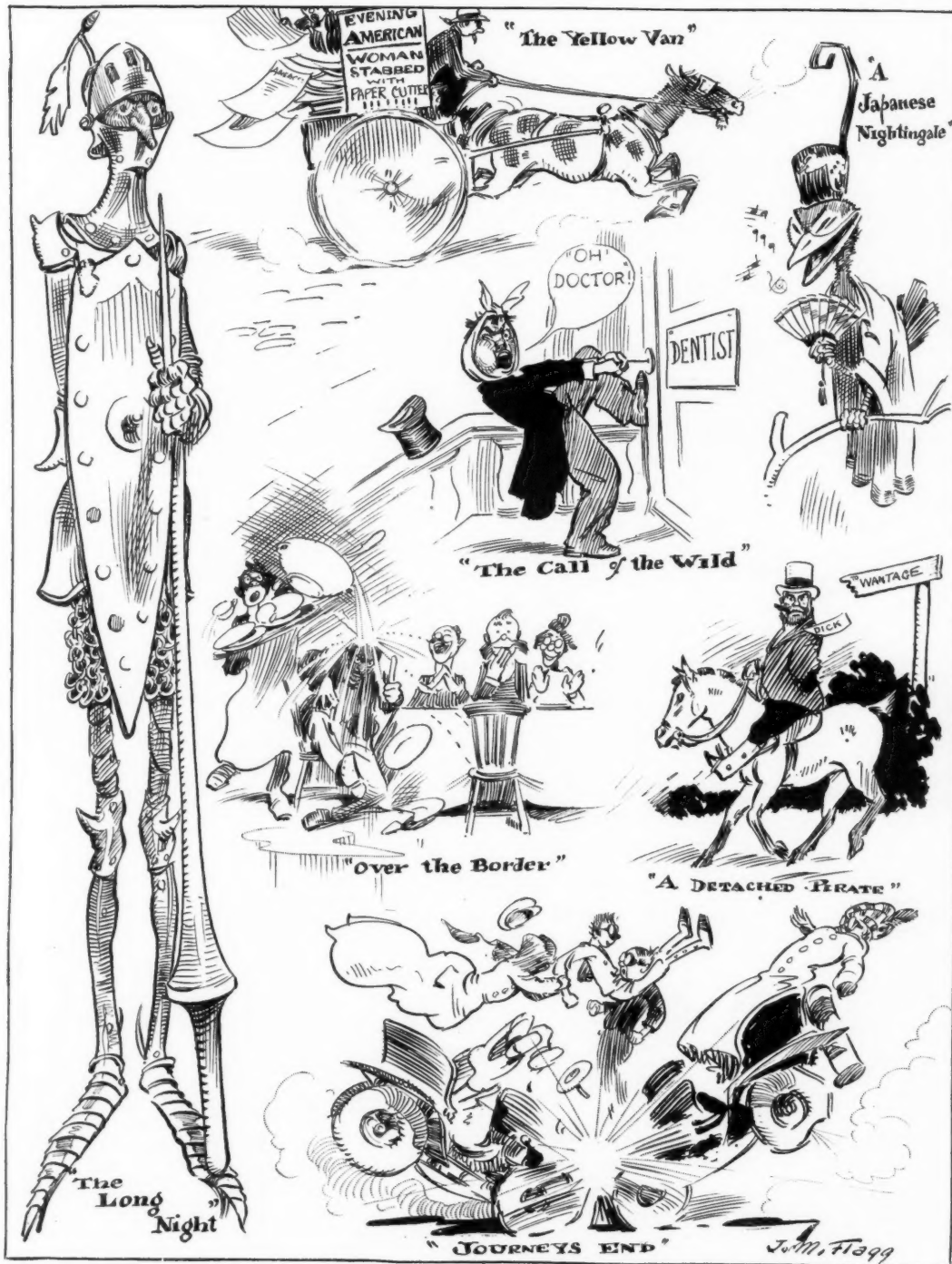
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• LIFE •



OUR long distance neighbor, the *Salt Lake Herald*, has been having fun with a recent wedding in high life, as evidenced by the following:

A REAL SOCIETY WEDDING. (Telepathic Message.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Miss May Goblet, only daughter of Mrs. Cutglass Goblet, and one of the richest American heiresses on the market, was turned over to Hank Incas Cur, eighth duke of Ox-blood, to-day. Only 250 invited guests got a foothold in the church, but the major portion of New York's society women turned out to make the occasion a hot one. A conservative estimate places the number of women crowded into Fifth Avenue before the ceremony at 900,000—a throng which 8,765 policemen could not control. The policemen ought to have known better. The wedding itself did not amount to much. It is the same old story—she had the price. But there was considerable doing in the streets. Before the service began several prominent society women who did not get invitations made a breach in the wall of the church with dynamite and climbed ropes to the gallery. They were dislodged after being stunned with pick handles. When the carriage containing the bride and her brother drew near the church it was surrounded by women, who trampled the horses to death, stove in the sides of the rig, and dented brother's new hat. Four regiments of infantry had arrived by this time, and had cut their way through the crowd to the carriage, which was shoved along far enough to enable the bride to spring inside the canvas canopy leading to the church door. A brigade of leading society women burst through the soldiery at this juncture and ducked under the canvas. Many of these managed to get far enough under to have their necks stepped on by the bridal party, which was jogging along toward the church steps. One prominent society woman got her hands under a stone flag and defied the efforts of nine policemen to drag her out by the leg. A hawser was secured, and by its aid she was jarred loose. Four prominent society women had secured a balloon and attempted to get

into the church by going down the chimney. One of the ushers threw his Turkish cigarette into the furnace, however, and the balloonists were killed by the fumes which arose. Fifteen of the younger set in New York society broke the lock of the coal chute with a cobblestone, and slid through the chute to the coal bins below, where they could not see, but could hear. Seventy-five longshoremen were called to throw them out, which was done after some time had been lost in releasing a stout society leader who had got stuck midway of the chute. A prominent society woman had a tunnel dug from the docks to the church, and attempted to get into the chancel in that way, but was foiled by the Honorable Percy Wumpstun, the best man, who garroted her with his tie as soon as her head showed above the surface. A prominent society woman was discovered concealed in the floral decoration about the altar. The head usher killed her after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle by shooting her four times with a revolver. Meantime, the bishops were manfully fighting against odds in their frantic endeavors to consummate the deal between May and the duke. The motion was finally carried by a rising vote, as the duke had been frightened into unconsciousness. The bridal party escaped from the mob by disguising themselves as hodcarriers, and ducking down the back alley, passing through a beer saloon to the next street. The attack on the front door at length brought results. The door was forced, and the crowd poured in. Women who were unable to get hold of some of the floral decorations, plucked hair out of each others' heads, and amused themselves by throwing hymn books through the memorial windows. The pews went next. The altar was wrenched loose by a prominent society woman, who had it split across her head by a more prominent society woman, who also appeared to want it. All the policemen had been beaten to death ere this, and the soldiers had fled, so nobody tried to stop the festivities. The bishop was impaled on a chandelier, which was soon torn down and taken away as a souvenir. In fifteen minutes from the conclusion of the ceremony nothing was left of the church but the iron beams and the stone work. The women then dispersed and went

home happy. The wedding, it will thus be seen, was the most important society event of the present season.

Not long ago W. S. Gilbert, the English humorist, was so unfortunate as to lose his umbrella while dining at the well-known Carlton Club in London, of which he has long been a member. In a rather waggish mood the librettist caused the following notice of his loss to be posted in the cloakroom: "The nobleman who took the undersigned's umbrella will confer a great favor on Mr. Gilbert by leaving it (the umbrella) with the clerk of this club." When a friend remonstrated with Mr. Gilbert, saying that he thought it was a gratuitous affront, and asked why Mr. Gilbert should assume that a nobleman had taken the umbrella, the witty Gilbert exclaimed: "Oh! according to the first article of the club's rules, its membership 'is composed of noblemen and gentlemen.' And, since the person who took my umbrella is certainly not a gentleman, it follows that he must be a nobleman."—*Argonaut*.

A YOUNG woman, at a country house party one Christmas, had been thrilled with delicious horrors by tales of ghosts and hobgoblins told by certain of her fellow-guests about a generous fire just before they separated for the night. The next morning she appeared at the breakfast table ready for departure, and, when pressed to explain her reason for going, finally confessed that she was afraid to sleep under that roof another night. She said that about midnight she was awakened by a stealthy step, and to her horror saw a spectre, all in white, at the foot of her bed, and it raised its claw-like hands and actually drew the coverlid off the bed. There was no hallucination about it, for the coverlid was gone!

While the interest was at its height, a belated breakfaster appeared and remarked genially:

"How cold it was last night! Knowing that the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of helping myself to an extra covering from there!"—*Country Life in America*.

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And looking from her window found
Another layer on the ground.)

—Philadelphia Press.

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'ARRY: Jimes! 'Aven't yer 'eard? Jimes is dead.

"Jimes dead! Wptever did 'e die of?"

"Well, it was like this, yer see. Jimes, 'e went to a party, and Jimes 'e 'ad six 'elpings of meat, five 'elpings of pudding and three bottles of ginger-pop, and wen 'e went 'ome why Jimes—Jimes 'e died."

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"I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot."

"Why?" asked the officer. "You play some instrument, don't you?"

"I did, sir."

"What was it?"

"The bones, sir; but I've eaten 'em."—*Youth's Companion*.

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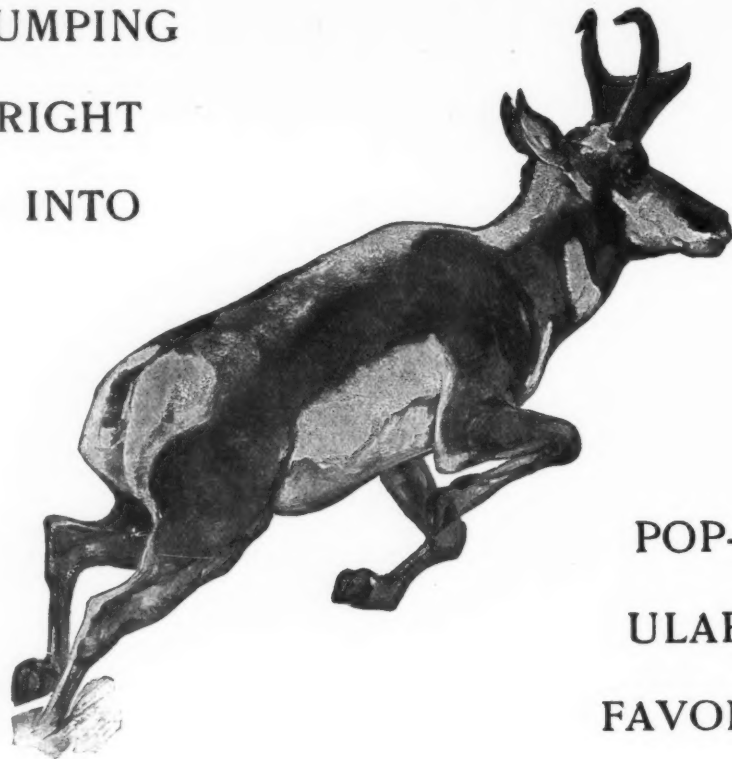
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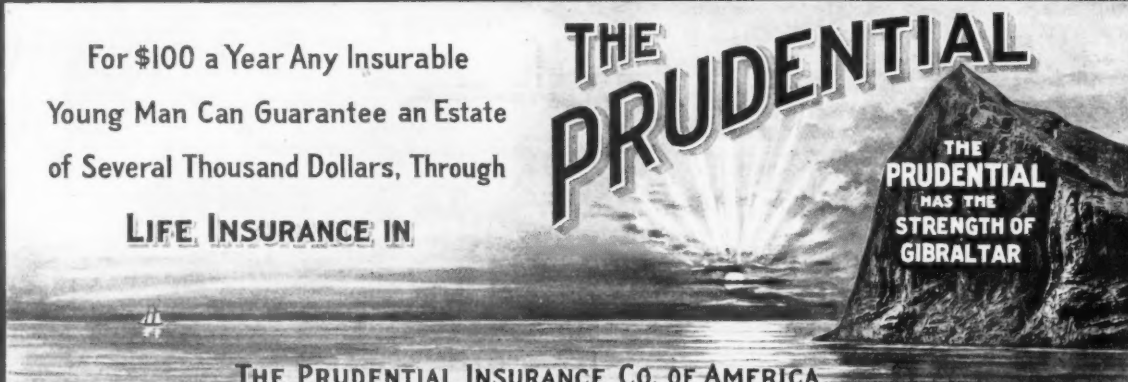
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